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The Camel; the Ship of the Desert.

(By C. A. Urann, in 'S. S. Messenger.')

Early as the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the camel constituted the fast line of transports plying between the countries, cities and towns, conveying passengers, merchandise, and freight of all sorts across the sandy deserts.

From the earliest days of sacred history, the camel has been known as a domestic animal of great value because of its power of endurance.

Of the two distinct varieties, there are innumerable sub-varieties; that known as the Arabian, or African camel has one hump, and the Bactrian, or Indian camel, has two humps on its back. The former are stronger and more frequently used for carrying heavy burdens, while the latter, more fleet of foot, are sought for riding purposes; but both are without doubt the most stupid of animals. 'As stupid as a camel,' would be much more expressive than is the common phrase of as stupid as a pig, were people fully aware of the utter lack of intelligence in these animals, whose only beauty lies in their velvety, soft eyes, for they are the most awkward and ungainly of all animals. Yet they are by nature strangely adapted to the life they lead, and have led since they were known to man.

On the camel's forehead grows a thick clump of wool which protects what little brain it possesses from the intensity of the sun's rays. The queer shaped, long nostrils are so exceedingly sensitive to dampness that the animal becomes aware of the neighborhood of water even though ten or more miles distant; and if the wind is blowing these sensitive nostrils close so tight that not even the finest atoms can penetrate the natural barriers.

The knees and other exposed parts are thickly calloused, the two-toed feet are webbed, which prevents their sinking in the soft sand, and the under parts are well padded, enabling the animal to travel with a springy, elastic step; but what is perhaps most important of all, he is blessed with a water-tank stomach, and a storehouse of fat in his hump, or humps, so he is able to travel for days without water or food.

And, after all, this ungainly, awkward beast is not unlike some specimens of the human family one meets from day to day, as, for instance, he never stops to think and often suffers thereby; for a camel will eat whatever it sees that is green, and although it may have suffered tortures from having again and again tasted of the brilliant green leaves of what is known as camel-poison, it will continue to eat it all the same, nor stop until it dies, unless prevented from so doing by its driver.

Then it is very greedy and never knows when it has had enough; and it is generally determined to go straight ahead regardless of consequences. If the smell of water or sight of herbage tempts it to turn aside from the regular way it never stops to think, but goes on and on, sometimes to be recalled to the right path, but more often to its own destruction.

The camel will often drop contentedly down on the burning hot sand, under the direct rays of the scorching sun, because it does not stop to think and look for a more suitable place; and then it seldom remembers over night what it has been taught through the day.

But notwithstanding the camel's stupidity he has a few traits which teach a lesson to human beings; one is, he makes the most of his opportunities. If he comes to a well-spring he partakes freely thereof. He feeds on fresh herbage when it is to be obtained, and when it fails he has resources within, a richness which serves him well. With a leathern, or rope noose about his nose and a rope attached to his lip also, this swaying, rolling ship of the desert is led on by a driver, or else is driven by a sharp iron prod; and if once set in motion, he goes straight ahead until jerked down by the driver, or he falls down while asleep.

One traveller tells of trying in various ways to force the camel he was riding to kneel that he might dismount; but no! the creature was unmindful of jerks, prods or other modes of persuasion and he was forced to slide from his high seat to the ground. When he faced his unaccommodating beast he discovered that he had his great soft eyes raised to a tuft of a neighboring palm, which the traveller says he could not have reached with a ladder, and was munching away as though feeding on the green palms; and so intolerably stupid is the creature by nature, that he probably would have stood there munching an imaginary feast until he died of starvation.

Desert travel has but little variety to delight the eye of the traveller; and as the motion of the camel is usually very soothing to its rider, he spends much of his time sleeping, and often both rider and camel journey on while sound asleep.

A day's march for a camel carrying from 500 to 600 pounds luggage is twenty-five or thirty miles per day, and often for three days without water or food. A fleet dromedary, carrying one rider and a waterskin, will travel fifty or sixty, and even ninety miles in a day, and continue at the former rate of speed for five consecutive days. But if a camel travels without drink and food he becomes a most abject appearing creature. When the journey ends his long swaying neck wilts down to the ground for want of water, just as a long-stemmed flower will wilt under similar circumstances, and his eyes assume a vacant, pathetic stare; while the hump, or humps, on his back, those marks of class distinction, become exhausted in supplying his working powers with fatty sustenance, and hang over his back, limp and empty Then it is that the stupid creature requires watching to save its life.

Mr. Oshima and his Bible.

(By Robert E. Speer, in 'Forward.')

Great blessings near at hand never seem so great, nor are they so earnestly sought as smaller blessings, or even things that are not blessings, which are far away. It often shames us and brings us to a realization of the right proportions to become acquainted with some one to whom our nearby blessings were once remote, and, who attaining them at last, gives himself up with unrestrained delight to their enjoyment. We have a fine illustration of this in the appreciation of the Bible by the Christians on the foreign mission fields. It is a new Book to them, and they receive it with a love and eagerness which bring back the words of the marvellous psalm:

'The law of thy mouth is better unto me
Than thousands of gold and silver.
How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!
I rejoice at thy word,
As one that findeth great spoil.'

I have heard from the Rev. B. C. Haworth, of Osaka, Japan, of an old Japanese Christian, named Oshima, in whom this great Bible love has grown up beautifully. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church in Takushima, in the Province of Awa, in the Island of Shikoku, and he was seventy years old when he gave his heart to Christ, and became as a little child. At once the worship of Jesus and the study of the Bible became the great delights of his life.

Realizing that he was an old man, and that his eyesight was failing, and dreading lest he should be thus cut off from his beloved Bible and hymn book, he conceived the plan of copying them with his own hand in very large Chinese characters. In writing Japanese the characters of the Chinese language are used. Beginning with the hymn book, he worked at it daily for over a year, copying in all thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and eight Chinese characters. The difficulty of this work may be conceived when we bear in mind that every stroke had to be written under a strong magnifying glass, for his eyes were too weak, even with spectacles, to enable him to make out the letters in the hymn book, and transcribe them in the copy.

Having succeeded with the hymn book beyond his hopes, the old man resolved to proceed with the New Testament in the same way. His pastor tried to dissuade him from attempting more than the Gospel of Matthew, but he was not to be moved from his purpose. Day by day he worked on, until at last in the year of Meiji the Twenty-sixth (i.e., 1893), seventh Month, the eleventh day, at half-past four o'clock, as he told Mr. Haworth with justifiable pride, he wrote the last of the two hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and forty-six Chinese characters of the New Testament, having devoted five years to the task (including the time spent on the hymn book). In all, he had written three hundred and thirty-two thousand two hundred and fifty-four characters. Father Oshima's Bible (New Testament), which he showed Mr. Haworth, is a marvel of Japanese penmanship, the characters being in the clear, square style used in printing, and beautifully executed as to form and alignment. It forms a collection of some twenty volumes, with pages as large as foolscap. In the accompanying picture of old Mr. Oshima, the aged saint holds in his right hand one volume, while the others lie on the table at his side. He has opened the volume at I. Peter 4: 1, 2, 'Forasmuch then as Christ suffered in the flesh, arm ye yourselves also with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; that ye no longer should live the rest of your time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.'

Some idea of the scale of enlargement adopted in this remarkable Bible may be gained from the picture, which shows only the first two verses of the fourth chapter of First Peter, two verses on two pages. The ordinary Japanese New Testament is a 12mo or 16mo, of from six hundred to seven hundred pages. Mr. Oshima's Bible has twenty volumes, in large octavo or small quarto.

Father Oshima is a faithful churchgoer, and he never goes without his Bible. If he can ascertain beforehand what Scripture portions are to be read in the service, he takes only the volumes containing those portions; but very often he has the whole collection carried to church. In reading he is obliged to use his magnifying glass in addition to his spectacles.

In the execution of this great Bible work not a single page of manuscript was spoiled,

MR. OSHIMA AND HIS BIBLE.

not a single letter misplaced or incorrectly copied. The old man says this was due to no skill of his, but only to divine help.

Perhaps the light that is left in this good old man's eyes will go out soon, but he will have in his heart and on his way a great radiance still.

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.'

If an old man of failing sight toils thus to provide himself with a New Testament, and gives it such a place in his life, what should be said of young men and young women whose eyes behold the sun, and who can obtain Bibles, beautiful and convenient beyond the old man's wildest dream, but who forget the right proportions of life, and what things in it are worthiest, and fill their souls with what withers and dies, while they miss the best of all—the word of the Lord that abideth for ever?

On Being One's Own Executor.

(By the Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Not long ago I fell in with a gentleman, well known in financial circles, who had some peculiar views as to benevolent disbursements. I happened to know that he had given away some millions of dollars during the past three years for charitable and educational uses. It seemed only proper to congratulate him on his benevolence but he interrupted me on this wise:

'No, sir; not benevolent at all. This is business, pure and simple. I do not wish to be known as a philanthropist. My highest ambition is to be remembered as a just, discreet and honest business man.'

Now this struck me as singular. Looking back over a ministerial experience of twenty-five years, I cannot recall a similar case. Men sometimes give anonymously to Missionary Boards or other Christian enterprises, modestly hiding from their left hands what their right hands are doing. Some, equally benevolent and wise, announce their gifts in order to stimulate a magnanimous competition. But here was a man who would not allow either himself or others to put the stamp of generosity upon his deeds. It puzzled me; and I told him so.

He went on to explain: 'I set out in my youth to make money. It was an easy matter, because I had the knack. Some men can make money and some can't; no use of trying. They had better be clerks or day laborers or college professors, or something of that sort. But I knew how to do it. I could turn a dollar over and make two. My investments paid. I never earned a dirty penny; never took advantage of weakness or ignorance; never speculated; never exacted usury; never forced an unfortunate debtor to the wall; never knowingly wronged a man. Making money was my delight. I had no ulterior purpose; I made money not for money's sake, but just because I liked to. How does that strike you?'

In truth it struck me dumb. Here was a new sort of confession; as if a man should say, 'I have no appetite for food, but love to cook it.' I could only reply that, as for myself, I had no 'knack' of either making money or keeping it.

'I can easily believe that,' he said. 'because I have known other preachers in my time. But for sixty years I have been accumulating wealth; and have enjoyed it immensely. Now, however, I am an old man. The edge of my former pleasure has worn off. I am worth a good many millions. If you were me, what would you do with it?'

Of cours. I said, 'Well, most men in your circumstances would be thinking of making your will,' 'Yes, but there's no pleasure in making your will,' he answered, 'I have no poor relations; and if I had, I wouldn't give them the chance to squabble over my bequests. I've never had a lawsuit in my life, and I'm not going to fatten the lawyers on the baked meats of my funeral. If I were looking for an executor, where should I find him? He must be a good business man, of course; but the best business man I know is—(here he named himself.) I have tested this man's commercial ability for sixty years, and have absolute confidence in it. Now why shouldn't he administer my estate?'

This seemed reasonable; and I said so.

'Besides,' he continued, 'I'm not through with the pleasure of living yet. Up to three years ago I enjoyed making money; now I propose to test the pleasure of spending it. It has always seemed to me that spendthrifts were a sorry lot; but I declare I'm beginning to have a fellow-feeling for them. I have spent some millions already in charity, and I like it. I'm not sure that I'm not having a better time getting rid of my money than I ever did in making and hoarding it. I have put a dozen crippled colleges on their feet, have saved several of our Missionary Boards from the necessity of retrenching, am putting a number of penniless students through school, besides a lot of minor matters too numerous to mention. I wish you could read the letters that come in my daily mail. It's a constant entertainment to me.'

'How long do you expect to keep this up?' I asked.

'As long as the money holds out. I have millions yet to spend. I don't mind telling you that, in spite of my sordid way of putting this thing, I'm not a heathen; and I'm praying that the good Lord will spare me till my fortune is all paid out. I don't want to leave anything. I should like to be a wise spendthrift till I die. And, perhaps, when the Lord knows how much I've enjoyed giving my money away, He'll forgive me for the sixty years I spent in making it.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nellie's New Shoes.

(A True Temperance Tale by Itta Allen Fellner, in 'Ram's Horn.')

It was the night before the fall election in a beautiful Berkshire village. The evening had set in with a strange chill in the air, for there was something in the sound of the wind that seemed to herald the approach of winter in its most forbidding manner.

For the first time in the history of the town, the perplexing question of 'no license' had arisen, to such an alarming extent, that Mr. Dean, the village merchant, and influential citizen in the village, was quite disturbed in his mind concerning which way he ought to cast his vote.

He had always voted for license, quite conscientiously, for he was a business man and a heavy taxpayer, and had never before questioned the right or the wrong of doing so.

Tom McMahon, the principal saloon keeper in the village, was a thrifty money-making man—he was good-hearted and had always been liberal and given quite generously to all the village improvements. He was a friend of Mr. Dean's, and they were also neighbors as their fine houses were on the same street.

Mr. Dean had always voted for Tom's license. It was certainly not Tom McMahon's fault that so many of the laboring men and boys in the town were drunkards. Tom had to live! He had rather an extravagant family, and they had a good many things from Mr. Dean's store.

But somehow, to-night, Mr. Dean was uneasy, as he was preparing to leave his store and not at all happy. He had worked harder than usual that day, to keep his thoughts from the license question, but it was of no avail, for in the afternoon the little minister and his fair-haired wife had been in the store talking with the clerks, and he knew they were speaking of little Nellie Broderick, who had been so terribly injured several weeks previous, by her drunken father. Mr. Dean had heard them say that Nellie could never again run and play or even walk. He could not forget the little girl, she had often been in his store in summer time, and at times he had given her candy, because she had bright sunny hair, like his own little daughter had had, and his little daughter was dead.

Of course, no one could claim that it was Tom McMahon's fault that Broderick should go home drunk and kick his little girl down stairs and injure her forever; but the accident had greatly excited the village and the church had taken the matter in hand, and a pitiful plea for no license had been started, and the enthusiastic little minister and his pretty wife, had echoed the plea from house to house. Special prayer meetings were being held, and much was being said in favor of prohibition. Saloon keepers and office-seekers had become alarmingly uneasy concerning the would-be result of the election, and for weeks blazing placards were hung on all the trees and fences urging the taxpayers to consider the necessity of the saloon for the prosperity of the town, and to vote for license, for the town could not afford to lose the revenue.

The campaign had been a busy one for the Christians, but they fought bravely, knowing that God was on their side.

Mr. Dean was rich, he had many friends in the town, but he considered it a wise thing for himself to keep out of the fight. Every year before, he had worked for license, for he could sway many of the villagers with his opinion, but this year he had no heart in the work.

McMahon had been more than neighborly to him for a long time, he had been almost attentive, but Mr. Dean's long-sleeping conscience was beginning to awake.

WHAT SIZE SHOE DOES SHE WEAR?

It was most unfortunate that Nellie should have been injured the night that her father had worked for McMahon, and taken his pay in drink. Had it not been for that, Mr. Dean would probably never have questioned his vote for Tom's license. But since Nellie was hurt, he felt that he could not help on the saloon. It would be hard on McMahon to have to close his place, especially while his daughters were spending so much money in Europe.

It was a perplexing problem, surely, and Mr. Dean thought he had better not vote at all this year, then he would be blameless whichever way it went. But his wife would know if he did not vote, and his wife was on the prohibition side. He sighed as he began to close his store. Just then, some one came in. He scarcely ever had a customer at this late hour. It was the minister and little Nellie Broderick's mother.

'Good evening, Mr. Dean,' the minister said. 'I know it is very late, but we were too busy to come in earlier. Mrs. Broderick wishes to look at the children's shoes. Nellie is going to be taken away to the hospital, to-morrow, and she must have some shoes to wear.'

'Certainly! Certainly, she must!' hurriedly muttered Mr. Dean, while tears gathered in his eyes when he beheld Nellie's poor, shrunken, faded little mother; so sad and careworn and thinly clad, and he realized that it was her husband's love for drink that caused all her pain and sorrow. She had once before her marriage been a domestic in his house, and he remembered her as a pretty girl, and for years she had had all this misery and poverty, and he had helped it on by voting year after year for license, and somehow he could hear a still, small voice whispering in his ears—'license—license—license.'

'What size do you wish?' he asked Mrs. Broderick, at the same time making up his mind that there should be no charge for Nellie's shoes.

'She is eight years old,' faltered her mother.

'Yes, I know,' answered Mr. Dean; 'but what size shoe does she wear?'

At this, the poor heart-broken mother gave way to her feelings, and she sobbed aloud: 'I don't know what size. Nellie has never had a pair of shoes; all her father's wages goes to McMahon's saloon!'

And, oh! how these words rang in the merchant's ears.

'Nellie has never had a pair of shoes!'

And the echo of that sad wail was—'license—license—license.'

His heart ached for that sad mother, but he could say no word of comfort to her, for he had helped on the saloon that had caused this awful sorrow.

He would have given the entire contents of his store at that moment, if he could have exchanged places with the minister, who had always been a good and pious man, and had been true to himself, true to humanity and true to God, by always voting right.

Mr. Dean saw his duty at last, and saw it clearly. He was soon at home in his luxurious bed, but all night he could not sleep. He prayed earnestly, that if God would mercifully spare his life, he would do all in his power to stop the rum business, that was depriving many little innocent children of food and shoes, right in their own beautiful village. His good wife prayed with him.

No sooner had he decided the question for himself, than he began to long for the right side to win. He had friends in the town, and influence. He would help the temperance men to win the fight.

At early dawn he sent for the minister, and after short but fervent prayer, they started out to canvass the village. They were early at the polls, where they talked and prayed with weak men, and told them the story: 'Nellie has never had a pair of shoes.' They swayed the villagers to their side, and, thank God, they triumphed.

The little Berkshire village went prohibition that day, and has been prohibition ever since.

The town has blossomed with peace and properity. No more startling placards disfigure the grand old trees before election time, and there is food and clothing in every home. McMahon's big saloon building is now used for a boy's school, and Mr. Dean does a thriving shoe business.

Treasure Hill—Nevada Banished Gold.

Virginia City, Nev., once claiming a population of 30,00), in a short time dwindled to a few hundreds. In the 'Chautauquan' Mr. Sam Davis gives this vivid description of the rise and fall of Treasure Hill, Nevada:

Thirty years ago the place was in the heyday of its prosperity; now it lies in the moldy winding-sheet that the seasons have woven about it since the breath of its inhabitance has departed. In its flush days no town in the West could boast of so much wealth per capita. A hundred tunnels ran into the hill, and gold poured out of every one. The claim owners were accumulating money a great deal faster than they could possibly spend it, even in those days of reckless extravagance, the memory of which seems imperishable.

Nothing could ever convince these people that their mineral bonanza might fail, and so the revel of extravagance went on, with the throb of lascivious music and flow of forbidden wine, until, like a flash from a clear sky, came the first intimation of the end. The words 'pinched out' were to the inhabitants of the fated city what the writing on the wall was to the feasters with Belshazzar. The workings were abandoned, the exodus began, and in a few months the Hill was a deserted village.

A few years ago, while on a political canvass with General Kittrell, an attorney whose eloquence had often roused the echoes in the old courthouse of the Hill in the years gone by, we reached the desolate place just at sundown. As we approached the scene, which no doubt brought to his mind a flood of varied recollection, he expressed a desire to make a detour, but the mountainous contour of the country prevented this, and we drove straight ahead. I shall never forget the look, first of surprise and then of seriousness, that came over his face as he drew up the horses a few hundred yards from the outskirts and contemplated the crumbling walls of the weather-beaten buildings, which seemed huddled together in the north wind like animals seeking warmth.

To the left was the famous hill from which so much wealth had been extracted, and at its foot a graveyard. A few marble tombstones stood out white and cold in the paling rays of the setting sun, but most of the graves were marked merely with wooden headboards which had been gnawed with the sharp tooth of the sandstorm, while many showed nothing but little knolls of earth which the elements had not quite levelled. A gray coyote gliding in and out among the mounds paused in his retreat to face us with his defiant bark. The arrangements of the tunnel and excavations which had poured so much wealth upon the world gave the mountain a pronounced facial aspect, and it was silhouetted against the opal sky like the desert Sphinx.

As we drove through the main street we saw through the windows of the principal hotel a bar and billiard-room. The balls and cues were lying upon the tables, and indicated that upon one the last game played was pin-pool and upon the other French carom. Empty glasses and bottles stood upon the bar, as they had been left nearly a quarter of a century before by the last of the convivial inhabitants, or else some waggish barkeeper had arranged them there to keep green in the mind of the passing traveller the bibulous memories of other days.

Even the horses cast uneasy glances at the empty, creaking buildings, and seemed anxious to move on, while every spasm of the wind caused a shiver to pass through the shacks as the town took on an undulating motion, something askin to the movement of a field of grain when touched by the breath of a summer's breeze.

Threading our way through a litter of prostrate signs, telegraph poles and the debris of municipal decay, we pulled out of Treasure Hill just as the night was coming on.' As we passed the graveyard, which was growing more ghastly in the twilight, my companion remarked that most of its occupants had died violent deaths. Of those who had amassed wealth in the days of the Hill's teeming prosperity, not one in a hundred could he recall who had saved a dollar. Most of them had been ruined by the rapid pace set by prosperity, and contracted habits of living that had carried them to untimely graves. The lives of most of them seemed to have gone out, as it were, with the demise of the town, and the original discoverer, long since dead, was not even accorded a place in the cemetery.

How the Burden Became Light.

(By Helen Somerville, in 'Christian Witness.')

'Miss Evangel, I like to look into your face! It makes me think of rest and heaven!'

Hattie had been spending the day at the home of Mrs. Harris, and as evening was coming on, she gently tapped at the invalid's door.

Miss Evangel was lying back in her wheel-chair, and the light from the fire was reflected on her countenance. Hattie, child though she was, was impressed by the peaceful expression.

'Your mother said I might come up here while she gets supper, if it doesn't disturb you, Miss Evangel.'

'I am glad to have you, my dear. Shall we have a light or sit in the twilight?'

'Oh, let us have nothing, but the light from the fire,' said the little girl, seating herself on a hassock, and taking hold of one of the invalid's hands.

'Have you had a happy day, dear?'

'Yes ,indeed! I've been swinging in the barn, and played with the new puppies, and helped Julia make cookies, and hunted eggs, —well, what else? Oh yes, I stoned raisins for the pudidng this morning. It's been such a pleasant day. But I'm glad to come up here for a quiet talk. I like to look into your face. It somehow makes me think of rest and heaven!'

Miss Evangel stroked the child's head with her delicate white hand, and said, gently, 'Shall I tell you how I came by a face that makes you "think of rest and heaven?" If that look is there, our heavenly Father gave it to me.'

'I know it's there because you're good, dear Miss Evangel.'

'We'll have time before supper, for me to tell you a little of my life history, Hattie. It may help you.' The sweet voice paused a few moments, then the young lady continued. 'My dear, have you any idea how you would have felt, when a very little child, to have become conscious of the fact that you were not like other children,—that instead of being strong, healthy, and physically perfect, you were weak and diseased, and would be obliged to carry through life a hideous burden between your shoulders, so that people would turn from you in disgust, because you were deformed, and dear little children would be afraid of you and cry out at sight of such as you?'

The little girl shuddered, but taking the invalid's hand in hers she imprinted a kiss upon it.

Miss Harris continued, 'I cannot tell you my child, of the horror that seized me, when I realized all this. Young as I was, I rebelled with all the strength of my childish nature, at what I considered an injustice from God, who would place such a burden upon me. I was naturally sensitive, and became more so. I grew sullen and ugly, and was repulsive, not only in appearance, but in disposition also.

'It seemed as if I had no friend left on earth but my dear mother. Father had died when I was a baby. They had given me the name Evangeline, and when I was old enough, I read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Reading was my only pleasure, but this book made me more unhappy, for that Evangeline, or Eva in that book, was lovely in appearance and character, and was beloved by all. I brooded over my misery and was melancholy, sullen, and rebellious. What wonderful patience had my mother with me! Every night she prayed, at my bedside, that the Lord Jesus would come and take possession of my heart.

'I was deaf to her tender words, and made life very hard for her. When about thirteen, I had a long illness, from which I never expected to recover, and then I realized how unprepared I would be to meet my Maker. In an agony of mind I sought pardon of the Saviour, and felt that my sins were forgiven.

'Everything grew brighter and better, and, to my surprise, life presented many attractions, even to one so unhappy as I. Slowly I recovered from my illness, so that once more I could go about again. For some time I was quite changed, and dear mother rejoiced to see that I was no longer as melancholy as in former days.

'But after a while the old, stubborn, sensitive nature began to assert itself, and again I was back in the depressed, dejected condition of the past.

'What a sad story I am telling, dear! But praises be to our God, this state of affairs did not last. A friend came to visit mother, and although at first I steeled my heart against her advances, little by little she won my love. From her I learned how to obtain the peace which has been mine ever since.

'I found that the Lord could not only forgive my past sins, but also take every evil thought and desire from my nature. He could give me a perfectly clean heart. But I had first to do my part, and blessed be

His name, I was enable to make a full and unconditional surrender of myself to Him. I told Him I would gladly carry my burden, as I called my deformity, through life, and bear insult and sneers, or anything else for Him. Hattie, I cannot describe what followed. Oh, the wonderful joy that filled my soul!

'From that time I have been a changed being. Instead of brooding over my troubles, I have sought to help others bear theirs. I began to use the voice given me by my Lord, to sing His praises. Henceforth,

'Take my voice and let me sing,
Always, only for my King.'

'I visited among the sick and afflicted as my health permitted. When unable to do that, I wrote letters to them. Instead of regretting having been named Evangeline, I rejoiced, for now I felt I could be in a small way an evangelist, to carry the glad news of the Saviour's love to others.

'The expression in my face that you speak of that reminds you of peace and rest, Hattie, has been given me by the Lord Himself. It is the reflection of His own love. If you wil hand me my guitar, dear, I will sing.'

And while she passed her fingers over the strings she added softly,' 'I find his yoke easy His burden light.' And then she sang in her clear, beautiful voice:

'The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs his grace;
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face,

The thorns in my path are not sharper,
Than composed His crown for me;
The cup that I drink not more bitter,
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

The light of His love shineth brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work groweth lighter,
As I stoop to rase the low.

The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face.
I am satisfied to know,
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer every foe.'

Michel Lorio's Cross.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF HESBA STRETTON, ARRANGED BY MISS ANNIE B. LINCOLN.

In the south-west point of Normandy stands the curious granite rock which is called the Mount St. Michel, rising abruptly out of a vast plain of sand to the height of nearly four hundred feet. At the very summit is built that wonderful church, the rich architecture of which strikes the eye leagues and leagues away. Below the church, and supporting the solid masonry, is a vast pile, formerly a fortress, castle and prison. Still lower down the rock there winds a narrow street, with odd, antique houses on either side.

A great plain of sand stretches around the Mont for miles every way; of sand or sea, for the water covers it at flood tides, beating up against the foot of the granite rocks. But at low tide there is nothing but a desert of brown, bare sand, with shallow pools of salt water here and there. The only way to approach the Mont is across the sands. Each time the tide recedes a fresh track must be made; and every traveller, whether on foot or in a carriage, must direct his course by this path. Now and then he passes a high, strong post, placed where there is any treacherous spot, in the sands. A dreary, desolate scene it is, with no life in it except the isolated human life upon the Mont.

This little family of human beings numbers scarcely a hundred and a half. The men are fishers, for there is no other occupation to be followed on the sterile rock. Every day also the level sweep of sands is wandered over by the women and chilren, who seek for cockles in the little pools and search for shell fish about the sands, to sell them in the villages of the mainland. As the tide goes down bands of women and children follow it out for miles, taking care to retrace their steps before the sea rises again.

The people of the Mont are poor and simple folk. They cling contentedly to the old Catholic faith and devotedly worship their patron saint, St. Michel.

At this time a man might have been seen working among them, but still working alone, quite alone. It was Michel Lorio, old Pierre Lorio's son. To be sure, he was a fisherman like themselves, but an invisible barrier seemed to separate him from them. Many years before he had gone to Paris and there had embraced the Protestant faith. His father's death had compelled his return to the Mont, but all was changed. These simple friends of his youth could not understand his new faith, nor could any words of his make it plain to them. So gradually they began to look with suspicion upon him, to avoid him, to shrink away from him. Soon few even noticed him, and day after day he pursued his lonely way, toiling on doggedly and silently.

The day before Christmas almost every woman and child turned out through the gate with their nets in their hands. By midday the plain was dotted over with them, and the wintry sun shone pleasantly down, and the great rock caught the echo of their voices. Farther away, out of sight and hearing, the men were also busy, casting nets upon the sea.

As the low sun went down, the scattered groups came home by twos and threes. Michel Lorio was treading slowly down the rough causeway under the walls of the town, when a woman's shrill voice startled him. The latest band of stragglers, a cluster of mere children, were running across the sand. The eldest girl spoke in a frightened tone.

'Phine is so naughty, madam,' she said. 'We could not keep her near us. She would go on and on to the sea. We heard her calling, but it was so far we dared not go back.'

'My God!' cried the mother. 'She is lost on the sands. The night is falling, there is a fog, and it is high tide at six o'clock. Delphine is alone and lost upon the sands!'

The most sanguine could only look grave and shake his head.

'Nothing can be done,' said one of the oldest men. 'We do not know where the child is lost. See! there are leagues and leagues of sand, one might wander miles away from where the poor little creature is at the instant.'

'Phine! Phine! my litle Phine! come back to thy mother. My God! is there no one who will go and seek little Delphine?'

'I will go,' answerd Michel. 'There is only one among you all upon the Mont who will miss me. I leave my mother to your care. If I come back alive, well! If I perish, that will be well also.'

They watched Michel as he threw across his shoulders the strong square net with which he fished in the ebbing tide. Without a sound he passed away from the rude causeway. He might have trodden the path to Calvary.

For a time Michel could still see the Mont as he hurried along its base, going westward, where the most treacherous sands lie. The fog before him was deceptive and beguiling. He could see nothing, but still he plodded on, calling in the growing darkness. At last he caught the sounds of a child's sobs, and turned in that direction, shouting, 'Phine!' Calling to one another, it was not long before he saw the child wandering in the mist. She ran sobbing to his outstretched arms, and Michel lifted her and held her to his heart.

'Carry me back to my mother,' she said, clinging closely to him. 'I am safe now, quite safe. Did the archanged Michel send thee?'

There was not a moment to be lost. The moan of the sea was growing louder every minute, and he knew not if there was time to get back to the Mont. He strode hurriedly along, breathing hard through his teeth and clasping Delphine so fast that she grew frightened. He knew that it was too late when through the mist, but far away, there rose before him the dark, colossal form of the Mont. Thirty minutes were necessary for him to reach the Mont with his burden, but in little more than twenty the sea would be dashing around its walls.

'My little Phine,' he said, 'thou wilt not be afraid if I place thee where thou wilt be quite safe from the sea? See, here is my net. I will put thee within it and hang it on one of these strong posts, and I will stand below thee.'

Even while he spoke he was busy fastening the corners of his net securely over the stake, hanging it above the reach of the last tide mark. The net held her comfortably, and by stooping down she could touch with her outstretched hand the head of Michael. He stood below her, his arms fast locked round the stake, and his face uplifted to her in the faint light.

'Phine, thou must not be afraid when the water lies below thee, even if I do not speak. Thou art safe!'

'Art thou safe also, Michel?'

'Yes, the Lord Jesus Christ is caring for me as I for thee. He bound himself to the cross as I bind myself here. This is my cross, Delphine, I understand it better now. He loved us and gave himself for us. But, Phine, tell them to-morrow I shall never more be solitary and sad. Hark! there is the bell ringing.'

The bell, which is tolled at night when travellers are crossing the sands to guide them to the Mont, flung its clear, sharp notes down from the great rock looming through the dusk.

'It is like a voice to me, the voice of a friend, but it is too late. Touch me with thy little hand, Delphine, touch me quickly. Remember to tell them to-morrow that I loved them all always and I would have given myself for them as I do for thee.'

It was not for more than two or three hours that Delphine hung cradled in Michel's net, for the tide does not lie long around the Mont St. Michel, but flows out again as swiftly as it comes in. The people followed it out, scattering over the sands in the forlorn hope of finding the dead bodies of Michel Lorio and the child, for they had no hope of finding either of them alive. They heard the voice of Delphine, who saw the

glimmer of their lanterns and called loudly to them.

They found her swinging safely in the net untouched. But Michel had sunk down upon his knees, though his arms were still fastened about the stake. His head had fallen forward upon his breast. Michel Lorlo was dead.—'New England Conservatory Quarterly.'

Foiled.

A STORY OF THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(By James Buckham, in 'Forward.')

Dr. Mason called his son Walter into his office, one Saturday morning in October, and said, quietly:

'Now, Walter, I want you to tell me just what the trouble is. Last year you did splendidly in your studies, and your mother and I were proud of you. This year you have started in most disappointingly, and Principal Davis writes me that you are falling behind in everything and bid fair to come out at the end of the year conditioned, unless you take hold of your studies with more earnestnesss. I wrote to the Principal that I would like to have you come home for Saturday and Sunday, so that I could have a talk with you. That's why you are here to-day. Now, my boy, I want you to tell me, frankly, what is interfering with your studies.'

Walter Mason dropped his eyes to the floor for a moment. Then he raised them honestly to his father's face, and replied:

'Athletics, father.'

'But you went in for athletics last year,' said his father.

'Yes—in a general way. But I wasn't on the Academy team then—only played on the scrub and occasionally as a substitute. But this year, you know, they put me in centre rush of the first eleven, and I tell you, father, it's an awful responsibility.'

The big, handsome, ruddy-faced boy looked at his father with mingled pride and anxiety in his honest eyes. 'I really have tried to do my best, father,' he continued; 'but I had no idea how much time, attention, and work are required to keep a football player in practice and condition. We fellows on the team have to give three or four hours every day to practice. Then there are the meets, twice or three times a week, to learn new signals and listen to instructions from the captain. I've studied just as hard as I knew how in the time I could get for study; but I tell you, father, the atmosphere of a big school like Webster is so intensely athletic instead of scholarly, that if you happen to be in athletics to any extent, it's almost impossible to think much about books and studies.'

Dr. Mason smiled rather grimly. 'Well, my boy,' he said, 'it's just about as I suspected. I don't doubt you've done your best, under the circumstances; but I think it is plain that you have reached the point where there will have to be a change of circumstances. Your mother and I have talked it over, and have come to the conclusion that, if you wish to remain at Webster, we shall have to ask you to keep out of competitive athletics for the remainder of your course. We don't feel that we can afford either the disgrace or the expense of having our boy conditioned in his studies and set back for a year or two. It seems to us of vastly greater importance that you should make a good record as a student and graduate honorably with your class than establish a transient reputation as a football player at the expense of your education, the feelings of your family and friends, and your success in the serious business of life. We put you at Webster to fit you well and thoroughly for college, not to develop your physique, which has never been a discredit to the family, nor to promote your reputation as an athlete. Don't you see the reasonableness of our attitude, Walter?'

'Yes, I do,' replied the boy, heartily, grasping his father's extended hand. 'You are right in this matter, father, as you always are. I see plainly that I can't keep up competitive athletics and do justice to my studies, so I will promise you here and now to give them up. It will be hard, of course, and the fellows will go for me awfully. But I guess I can stand it, when I remember that it is for my own best good and to please you and mother.'

THEIR RESISTANCE TO SUPERIOR PLAYING WAS STUBBORN AND DESPERATE.

It was even harder than Walter Mason anticipated to carry out the promise he had made to his father. The Webster boys were amazed, indignant, and even bitterly angry at him for withdrawing from the football team just at the beginning of the fall games, when the assistance of every trained player was so important. But they remonstrated, coaxed, pleaded, and upbraided in vain. So long as he felt convinced in his own mind that he had chosen the better way, neither open taunts nor covert sneers had any weight with him. He presented his resignation to the captain of the football team in the regular way, honestly gave his reason for it, and turned to his neglected studies with renewed zeal and determination and even with a sense of relief.

Walter was honestly sorry to see that his successor as centre rush of the Webster Academy team was a comparatively poor player. In fact, there was no really good material left at Webster for centre rush. Walter was the heaviest boy of athletic build in the school, and the indignation caused by his withdrawal from the team was more excusable from the fact that everybody knew that he was the only really available man for centre rush. It did seem hard, when school feeling and school pride had risen to such a pitch, and when the team of the great rival academy, Fairfield, was so dangerously strong, that the Webster player who would be hardest to replace

should step out for no other reason than because football interfered with his studies! But there was nothing to be done about it—unless, as Captain Forbes significantly hinted to his 'men' at one of their conferences, Walter Mason could somehow be lured or tricked into playing with Webster on the day when they should meet Fairfield on the gridiron. Captain Forbes himself went so far as to sound Walter on the matter. Coming into the playground one day, he slipped his arm through Walter's and, after some general remarks, said:

'By the way, Walter, there's something I've been wanting to ask you for a long time. Is your withdrawal from the team absolute? Is there no condition on which you would consent to play with us, say, for a single game during the season?'

'I promised my father absolutely to give up competitive athletics,' replied Walter, firmly. 'According to that promise, I don't see how I can consistently make any exceptions to my rules not to play in a match game.'

'But wouldn't you break over the rule just once, if you saw the honor of old Webster hanging in the balance, and heard every member and supporter of the school calling your name?'

'No,' replied Walter, stoutly.

Captain Forbes' face fell. 'Then there is no possible condition or emergency that would induce you to play?' he asked.

Walter reflected a moment. 'It is barely possible that I might take the place of an injured player, if no one else was available to do it,' he replied slowly. 'But I am not at all sure about it,' he added. 'I merely mean that such an emergency, with Webster left entirely in the lurch, would be a great temptation to me.'

Captain Forbes wisely said no more on the subject; but when he left Walter at his dormitory door there was a triumphant smile on his face, and he repaired at once to 'quarters,' where several of the players were assembled. The result of the evening's conference appeared during the course of the great game with Fairfield.

It was the usual brilliant scene of a great inter-scholastic football game—benches and grand stand crowded with spectators and friends of both teams; flags and pennants flying; the colors of both academies blazing everywhere; tally-hos, loaded with excited boys and girls, hemming the field; long rows of Webster and Fairfield boys reiterating the academy 'yells' under the timing of a 'chorister.' The first half of the game was just over, with a touchdown scored to Fairfield's credit, and nothing to the credit of Webster except stubborn and desperate resistance to superior playing. It looked at the beginning of the second half very much as if the day were lost to Webster, and that this was the general conviction of the spectators was proven by the comparative silence of the Webster side, on their own grounds. The ball had been in play less than five minutes of the second half when a cry went up from the field:—

'Time!'

The umpires instantly suspended the game. A limp figure was being drawn out from beneath a mass of prostrate players near the centre of the gridiron. 'Man hurt!' was whispered along the benches. 'Who is it?'

'Duncan—Webster's centre rush,' was the report. 'Arm dislocated at the shoulder. He's out of the game, poor fellow!'

Duncan was being carried to the players' quarters by half a dozen of his fellows. As they disappeared through the door under the grand stand a sudden shout went up—

'Mason! Mason!'

Some one had started a call for Walter, and the cry went around the benches and over the field like a great wave. Everybody on the Webster side knew that he and he alone could save the day for them. The uproar became tremendous, and in the midst of it Captain Forbes was seen dragging Walter up from one of the Webster benches.

The moment of terrible temptation had come for the boy. He was all athrob with excitement and desire. The thousand voices calling his name seemed to lift him off his feet, and there was something like an irresistible, fiery magnetism in the united will and desire of that vast company. Still he hung back, trembling and undecided.

'For the honor of old Webster!' whispered Captain Forbes, putting his arm over Walter's shoulder. 'For the sake of the school you love!'

Walter suffered himself to be led upon the field, amid the swelling plaudits of the crowd. Then several of the Webster players caught him up on their shoulders and rushed for 'quarters,' while the applause grew deafening.

'Let me see Duncan,' panted Walter, as his fellows rushed into quarters and began without ceremony to disrobe him. 'I can't play—I shan't play till I see how badly he is hurt. It may be nothing but a bruise or a sprain. Let me see him!'

'I tell you his arm is dislocated at the shoulder!' cried Captain Forbes. 'He has fainted dead away. We have sent one of the fellows for a doctor.'

'Then you must let me see him!' exclaimed Walter. 'I can put his arm back into the socket as well as a doctor. I've helped father to do it a dozen times. There is no use in waiting for a doctor and prolonging the suffering. Let me see him, I say! Where is he?'

The Webster players tried to block Walter's way, but he pushed them aside with his strong shoulder and flung himelf on his knees beside a prostrate figure in the corner. A moment's examination with his firm, skilled fingers and he started up with white face and blazing eyes.

'Shamming!' he cried, while the players shrank back before him in shame. 'A trick!' "For the honor of old Webster," indeed! Webster ought to be ashamed, and will be ashamed of this day's dishonor!'

As Walter strode out from the players quarters a gentleman, hastily approaching from the other side of the field, met him face to face.

'Father!' he exclaimed.

'Yes, Walter, I was in Principal Davis' carriage and saw it all,' said Dr. Mason. 'It was a terrible temptation and I feared you would yield—though, except as a matter of strict honor, I was tempted myself not to blame you.'

'Oh, father, you don't know how near I came to yielding!' cried Walter. 'And as for the smallness of the thing that saved me, I hope you will never know that! But I have learned my lesson. The plea of "honor," aside from principle, is always false.'

How He Was Taught.

'It is very easy to doubt,' said a young man. 'I actually do believe the truths of Christianity, but my faith isn't warm; it isn't living. At the very moment when I am thinking, "Christ did live," I find myself saying, "Yes, but am I sure of it?" We need miracles as much as ever, in order to be thoroughly convinced.'

'The hard experiences of life serve that purpose,' said an older man. 'Let me tell you how I gained the foothold which I have never lost.

'When I was a young man, I went to South America, hoping to travel and perfect myself in various dialects, in order afterwards to gain two trades—the carpenter's and the machinist's—at my finger ends, and by means of them I supported myself for some time in various coast towns.

'Finally, I fell in with two scientists, and took a trip of several hundred miles into the interior. There we camped, making collections of plants and insects, and one of our party was sent back for letters. In due time he returned, and brought me a home letter, full of sad news.

'By it I learned that my father and mother had been thrown from a carriage, and were lying dangeriously ill. My sister thought I ought thus to be prepared for the worse news she might have to send me later. I do not believe she thought of my suspense in waiting for another word.

'I cannot tell you what I suffered that night, after reading the letter. Thousands of miles from home, I could not rush across the sea for one parting word with my mother and father before losing them for ever.

'I could not even hear again for weeks. Perhaps they had died; perhaps they were dying at the very moment when I was sending forth my very soul on the wings of love and agony to guess at news of them.

'At that time I had no "living faith" in God or immortality. I believed there was some sort of impersonal power about us, but whether or not we should live again, I did not attempt to decide.

'But that night, when I lay in the voiceful heat of the tropic forest, with my comrades sleeping about me, it flashed over me, "Never see my father and mother again! It is impossible. Somewhere they are alive; somewhere they love me as I do them."

'But I thought, even if that is true, what comfort is there for me in my trouble? And it came to me like a shock, sudden, overwhelming, that I needed Christ to comfort me, to show me the way, to say, 'I, too, have felt mortal agony."

'Don't you know that light and the eyes are made for each other, that hunger is intended to be satisfied, that every want implies a corresponding fulness? I needed Christ so bitterly that I reached out the arms of my soul and found that He was there. I proved it just as truly as the doubting disciple did when he was allowed to touch His flesh.

'Christ must have lived, men needed Him so. Their hearts were breaking under continual questioning of the future. The bravest of the old philosophers, sternly resigned themselves to the dismal shades below; lesser men went trembling into the uncertain darkness. It was time for a voice from heaven to assure us that there are many mansions there, and that it is our Father's house.

'Yes, it was true; my father and mother had died, but after that night my agony of grief was over. I had learned that there was, indeed, One in Whom we may trust, and Who has revealed to the world the soul's immortality.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Comfort One Another.

For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another;
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes,
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft as manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.

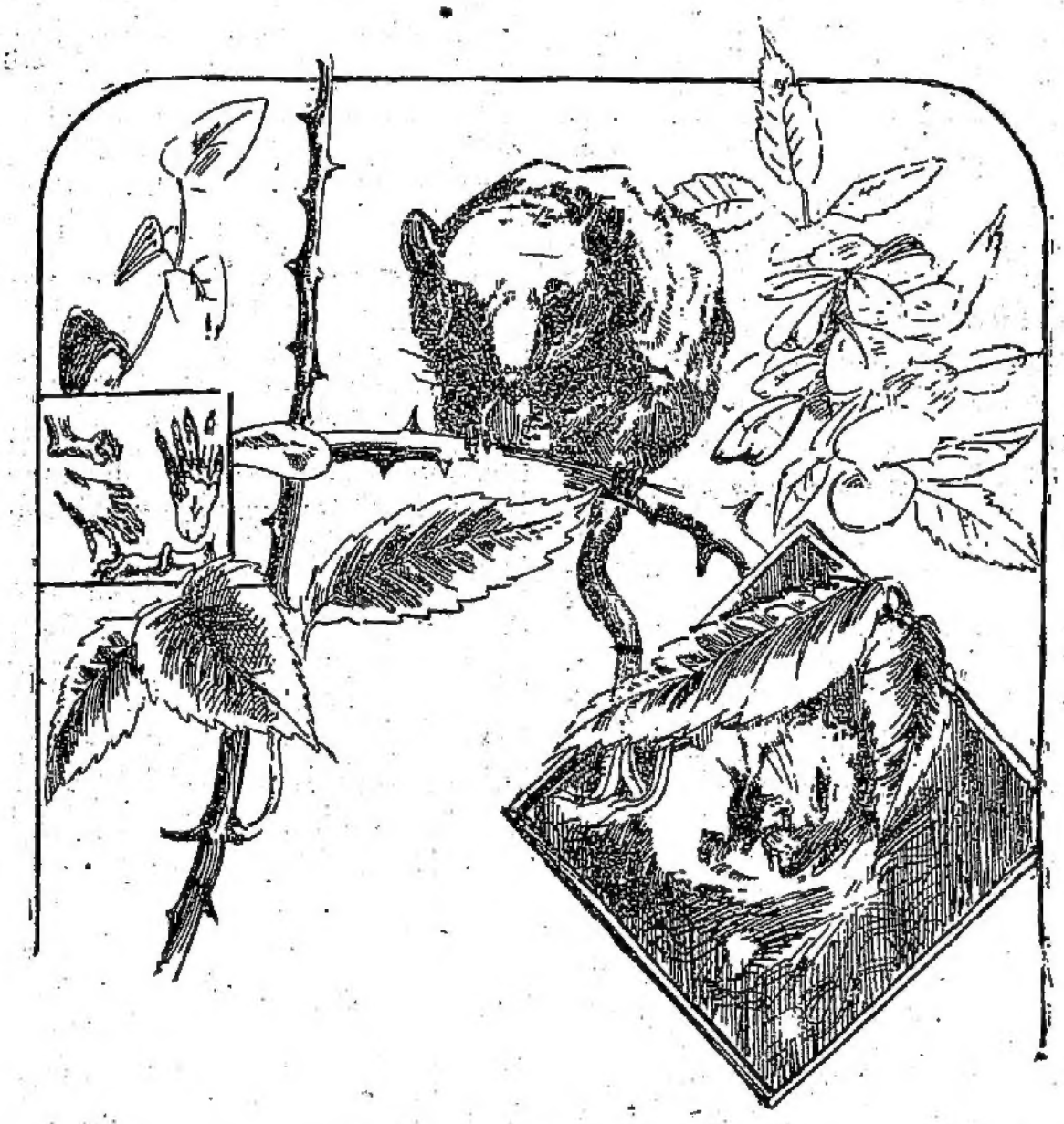
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Dormouse.

The dormouse is a wise little creature, because it chooses sunshine, and not cellars, as do others of its kind. Except the harvest mouse, all the rest of these live underground. You know we have not very many wild animals in England, and a large number even of these burrow in the earth.

Foxes and rabbits inhabit holes, rats live in drains and dark corners, the mole works away out of sight, and ordinary mice scuttle along behind the wainscot of your room, as if you wake in the night you may sometimes hear.

But the dormouse has—at least so



it seems to us—better tastes. It haunts the woods and hedges, and though not uncommon, it creeps under the leaves and requires a good search for anyone to find it.

And it is a dear little beastie when it is found, and really partaking of some of the nature of the squirrel as well as of the mouse.

About the same size as the common mouse, it is rounder and more plump, while in its long tail, hairy at the end, and also in its color of reddish brown, it has some resemblance to the former. Its circular ears and its bright prominent eyes are peculiar to itself, and being of gentler temper and easily tamed, we may often see it as a pet in a cage, even if we have hunted in vain for it in the woods. There it will enjoy our bread and milk, though its natural food consists of nuts, acorns or fruit. The different shape of the fore and hind feet is shown in the diagram above.

When the little mother needs to construct a nursery, she scoops out a hole in the bank and lines it with moss to make it soft and comfortable. You may notice what strong feet she has for that purpose, and so well fitted too for grasping the bough when she climbs up after her food. And her claws are so nicely shaped and so adroit in gathering, we might almost call them 'hands.' Sometimes a hollow tree will do instead of making a hole, and in either case the four or five blind little ones find a cosy home provided till they have grown into soft furry creatures, wide awake to face the world for themselves.

So the dormouse passes the summer days, but how about the winter? The nuts will have vanished, the berries will have been eaten, the snow will fall—must it lie down and die? No; it has been all provided for by the great and good Hand which is over the dormouse as well as over the sparrow.

Autumn draws on, leaves begin to fade, but instead of being depressed by the season the dormouse is all alive. Again a home is wanted; whether the one used for a nursery can do duty afresh, history does not say; but somehow not far off a hole or a hollow must be found for a storehouse. So up and down the twigs it scampers; a nut here, an acorn there, a berry from the hedge, are one after another brought and deposited below till there is enough and to spare. Last of all the little worker creeps inside, shuts the door as it were, curls itself round and goes to sleep. The wintry wind may blow and the storm rage and the cold be bitter, but it will not matter. We do not suppose it is one unbroken nap, or what would be the good of the well-filled larder? We may believe that the occupant wakes up between whiles, nibbles a little at some dainty morsel, and then drops off again, till by-and bye the spring sunshine darts into the cosy nook and the dormouse begins life anew.

But how did it know that winter was coming? Who told it to make ready for it so carefully?We leave you to answer the question and say —'God . . . doth teach him.' Isa. xxviii., 26.)—'Child's Companion.'

The Indian Boy.

(By the Rev. Albert Law, of Agra, N.W.P.)

May I commence my talk by saying that I am not talking to grown-ups at all this time? This is how the matter stands: Before I came out here I made a promise to a good many boys and girls over a thousand I dare say—that when I came home I would tell them something about the boys of India. Now, although mathematics is not my strong point, it is very clear that the boys and girls to whom I made that promise will be men and women by the time I come home—or will think they are, which is even more terrible. So as I have splendid opportunities for studying the Indian boy, inasmuch as I have seventy of them living in an orphanage near my house, I thought I had better tell you something about him now. I'm sorry I can't tell you anything about the girls too; but they don't come my way. I have my hands full of boys. In fact, just now, when it is holidays for them, I feel

sometimes like the little old woman who lived in a shoe, and who as you know, had so many children she didn't know what to do. But now about my boys. I'll tell you first some things about them which I'm sorry to say I haven't always seen in English boys. They are very polite, always say 'Salaam sahib,' which means 'Good morning and 'Good night, and 'How do you do, and 'Thank you, and several other things. Then do you think these boys keep their eyes open during prayer? Not a bit of it. If it is a very, very long prayer, perhaps a very little boy will peep through his fingers, and then if he sees anybody looking he shuts his eyes quickly. Another thing, they are very quiet in school and chapel. They listen to sermons which they don't understand —I'm sure they don't understand mine—and they don't shuffle.

But that's enough about that subject. It isn't nice to be talked to about people so much better than one's self, is it? Besides, I don't say they are really any better than you, you know. I didn't say that, because I don't think they are. Boys are like sheep, there are all sorts everywhere.

Well, now, let's go on to their eating. They have two meals a day—one at twelve and one at six. What do they eat? Well, you won't guess, so I'd better tell you. They eat roti and sabsi generally. What! don't know what roti and sabsi are? Oh, dear, what's the use of going to school! Roti is a pancake made of flour, and sabsi is—oh, all sorts of vegetables you never saw, boiled together. Then on Saturdays they eat fruit, and on Sundays rice—not rice pudding, remember, done with milk and sugar and nutmeg on top to make it brown—just rice boiled in water, with perhaps a lemon squeezed into it. It isn't what I should call nice, you know; but then they like it, and it is good, so what can you want more? They're satisfied, so I am. Now then, what else do you want to know—games? What do they play at? Oh, yes, of course. Well, just now it's the kite season. They call a kite a patang, but then it hasn't got a tail to it like your kites. They play a very funny game with their kites. Here are two boys, Ishwar Das and Bhagdu, each with his kite. Ishwar Das sends his kite up, and then Bhagdu sends his, and they get the strings across each other and begin to saw with the string. Of course, the string gets thinner and thinner, and at last it breaks, and the kite flies away and at last falls down. There is a great rush for it, for you see it belongs to whoever picks it up. Only if a very little boy picks it up, sometimes a big boy comes on, saying, 'Look here, tip that kite up, will you—what do you mean by collaring my kite?' I wonder if anybody at home does anything like that.

Well, then there's marbles; only, mind you, they don't call it marbles. They have two games—one you play at home, throwing marbles into a hole; we called it 'chucks' in Yorkshire, but here they call it guchipara. Then there is another game. They put the marble against the tip of the finger, bend it back until it nearly touches the back of the hand, and then let it off like a spring. It makes me shudder to see them bend their fingers back so far, but they can aim splendidly. This is called golitich.

Then one of their greatest games, which is all I can tell you about now, is kabaddi, a sort of prisoner's base. I have never seen this played in the daytime; they like to do it on moonlight nights up to half-past nine, when they have to be in bed, and lights out. They form into two sides, one side occupying a fortress, the others dance out in front, throwing their legs and arms about, and chanting a wild song, which goes like this:

1. 'Mare ko mar jane de
   Ghi-ki chupri khane de.'

2. 'Kabaddi angna Bher mare
   bamna
   Kasaiya mare gae Hajam no
   jae.'

3. 'Tiddi channe ka dal
   Tiddi manga dhoa dal.'

These are three of their little songs; they mean something like this:

1. 'Let the dead lie dead,
   Let us eat our butter and
   bread.'

2. 'Here on this game ground dead
   sheep disagree with you,
   Let the butcher kill his cows—
   that will agree with you.'

3. 'Grasshopper doesn't want dry
   peas,
   Grasshopper wants washed
   peas.'

This isn't very sensible, but the idea is this: The other party runs out and tries to make the singer lose his breath. If he does he becomes a prisoner—and this goes on until the game is ended.

Well, now, I have been writing a long time, but there is one more thing I want to say. Here are seventy boys whose fathers and mothers worshipped idols or who were disciples of Mohammed the False Prophet. Won't you, when you say your prayers to-night, and then one night in every week—say, Sunday night, when you have been to Sunday-school and chapel—just say a little prayer asking God to make them all Christians? Wouldn't that be glorious? Seventy Christian boys!—I don't mean just called Christians, because that's nothing; it doesn't really matter whether they are called Christians or heathen, you know. I mean really loving Jesus as some of you love Him. We are always praying for it and talking to them about Jesus every day, and I do believe one or two of them love Him. But, oh, we do so long for them all to love Him! He wouldn't take away their games, but He would take away their sin. I haven't told you about their sin, because I don't like to talk of people's sin only to themselves; but I see it, and it makes my heart very sad and heavy sometimes. Now, come, boys and girls, let's all pray together on Sundays that all these seventy boys may learn to love Jesus.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Who Is He?

Who is a brave boy? Tell me,
now!
One who dresses well?
One who loves to toss a ball,
But 'hates' to read and spell?
One who thinks he need not mind?
But can run, and leave you far behind.

Who is a brave boy? I'll tell you!
A modest, gentle one,
Who loves to do what pleases God,
Who leaves no task undone.
A boy who tells the truth alway;
And is not ashamed to kneel and
pray!
—Jennie Harrison.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 12.

Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.

Nehemiah iv., 7-18. Memory verses 15-18. Read chapter iv.

Golden Text.

Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi., 41.

Home Readings.

M. Neh. 4: 7-18. Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.
T. Neh. 6: 1-9. Tempters unheeded.
W. Neh. 6: 10-16. The wall finished.
Th. Neh. 12: 27-30, 43-47. Dedication and rejoicing.
F. Psalm 64. Evil designs frustrated.
S. Eph. 6: 10-18. Able to stand.
Su. Mark 13: 28-37. Watching and prayer.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—7. But it came to pass, that when San-bal'lat, and To-bi'ah, and the A-ra'bians, and the Am'mon-ites, and the Ash'dodites, heard that the walls of Je-ru'sa-lem were made up, and that the breaches began to be stopped, then they were very wroth,

School.—8. And conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Je-ru'salem, and to hinder it.

9. Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them.

10. And Ju'dah said, The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed, and there is much rubbish; so that we are not able to build the wall.

11. And our adversaries said, They shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease.

12. And it came to pass, that when the Jews which dwelt by them came, they said unto us ten times, From all places whence ye shall return unto us they will be upon you.

13. Therefore set I in the lower places behind the wall, and on the higher places, I even set the people after their families with their swords, their spears, and their bows.

14 And I looked, and rose up, and said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people, Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses.

15. And it came to pass, when our enemies heard that it was known unto us, and God had brought their counsel to nought, that we returned all of us to the wall, every one unto his work.

16. And it came to pass from that time forth, that the half of my servants wrought in the work, and the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and the bows, and the habergeons; and the rulers were behind all the house of Ju'dah.

17. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.

18. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me.

The Bible Class.

Building—Luke vi., 48, 49; xiv., 27-33: I. Cor. iii., 9-16: Acts xx., 32: Eph. II., 19-22: Col. II., 6, 7. Hag. i., 2, 4: I. Pet. II., 4-8. Acts. iv., 10-12. Ps. cxxvii, 1; cxlvii., 1, 2.

Suggestions.

When Nehemiah reached Jerusalem he found the city desolate and the people discouraged. But he brought new courage and hope to them and enthusiastically persuaded them to set to work immediately to rebuild the walls of the city.

So the priests and the rulers and men of all classes began to build the gates and the walls, each doing a certain portion. Their loyalty and patriotism might be judged by their fathful building.

But the enemies of the Jews, led on by Sanballat, Tobiah and Geshem, Samaritans, Ammonites and Arabians, ridiculed and molested the builders. The hard work of gathering from the heaps of rubbish sufficient stone to build strong walls, was made doubly difficult by the cruel sarcasms and miserable jests of the enemy. Also the constant fear of an attack kept the builders from giving their whole attenton to the work. But Nehemiah prayed constantly to God for protection and set men to watch day and night lest the enemy should come on them suddenly. The Jews outside of the city kept sending to warn the builders, of their danger from the aliens. So Nehemiah prepared the men for battle by placing them armed, each man in front of his own family. He bade them have no fear but to fight remembering that the Lord of hosts was on their side.

The cowardly enemies, when they found that their plot was discovered, decided not to fight against the people of God. So the Jews returned to their building and worked with courage and perseverance. But at any moment the enemies might return to vex the builders. So they worked with their weapons beside them. Those who carried the stones, carried in one hand a weapon. Those who needed both hands for building wore their swords. The trumpeter stood by Nehemiah to be ready at any moment to sound the call to arms, should the enemy attempt to surprise them. So they worked and watched and prayed. And the Almighty God protected and prospered them.

Illustration.

We are building for eternity and he who builds into his daily life sweet acts of charity will find at the end that he has made himself a fine palace, as it were a beauteous character. But of what use is the finest building if the foundation be not secure? Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. (I. Cor. iii., 11-15.) He who has built on self-interest or for the applause of men or for any other reason than the glory of God, will find his house on shifting sands, and when the storm comes, that house cannot stand. (Matt. vii., 26, 27.)

But one will say, 'This is unfair. I have spent many years building this palace, I paid dear for the foundation, and if it is not safe, God should accept and protect my building. I have done the best that I could.' Stay, here is a master-builder, a contractor to whom the architect has given the plans of a mansion to be built within a certain time. The contractor is a good sort of fellow and says that he will do the best he can. He glances at the plans, then folds them carefully away, having some idea of what is to be done. He sets to work at the building, he gets his four walls about square, but not one of them is exactly plumb. He forgets how many doors there should be, and puts in windows to suit his own fancy. He spends much time in adorning the mansions, especially are the outer walls and roof gables beautiful to look upon, but the inner rooms are draughty and cheerless.

The builder may be planning further decoration and support of the building, when the time limit expires and the architect and owner appear to claim his mansion. What would be the feelings of the owner on being shown the building, handsome and admired by the workmen and neighbors, but incorrect in every detail, totally different from the plan. 'Did I not give you the plan?' asks the amazed architect. 'Yes,' replies the builder, 'and I had an idea you wanted it about like this. I did the best I could.' But this is not the house that the architect planned, and he cannot accept the work of such a man.

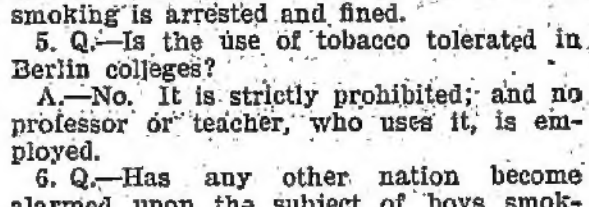
Beloved, is not this a picture of the man who closes his eyes to God's plan for his life, given to him in God's own Book? If he does what he considers 'about right,' without consulting the Book, is God to accept his work as worthy? What claim has such a man on God? Yet our Saviour in boundless mercy is constantly offering to such an one opportunities of repentance and wisdom. No man can truly say, 'I have done my best,' unless he has allowed the Lord of glory to work in and through him. No man can tell when his last opportunity for salvation shall come, for there is a time after which it is said, 'he that is unjust, let him be unjust still.' (Rev. xxii., 11.)—'Daily Witness.'

Junior C. E.

Nov. 12. How should your body be like a church? I. Cor. 3: 16-23.

C. E Topic.

Nov. 12. The living Bread. John 6: 26-35.



Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—HOW TOBACCO AFFECTS NATIONS.

1. Q.—What nation has grown weak and insignificant through the use of tobacco within the past few years?

A.—The Turks; they were strong and brave once, and all Europe was afraid of them. Now they are lazy and degraded, and afraid of all Europe.

2. Q.—What did an experienced army physician say of them?

A.—Had the Turks never used tobacco they would now be as powerful as in the days of the ancient Sultans.

3. Q.—Why are they weaker?

A.—Because they have used tobacco from their childhood, and it has destroyed their strength and their ambition.

4. Q.—The Germans are great smokers; will they become a weak nation like the Turks?

A.—The government has taken the subject in hand, and now every boy under sixteen years of age in Germany, who is found smoking is arrested and fined.

5. Q.—Is the use of tobacco tolerated in Berlin colleges?

A.—No. It is strictly prohibited; and no professor or teacher, who uses it, is employed.

6. Q.—Has any other nation become alarmed upon the subject of boys smoking?

A.—Yes, smoking is strictly forbidden in French military schools, because it was found that smokers were more feeble in body and duller in intellect than those who did not use tobacco.

7. Q.—What else has the French Government done about tobacco?

A.—It has prohibited the use of tobacco to children and youth.

8. Q.—What does Chambers's Encyclopedia say?

A.—That in Great Britain 'sailors are generally limited to chewing, smoking at sea being prohibited.'

9. Q.—How was the custom formerly treated in Persia?

A.—The Shah of Persia made the use of the drug a capital crime, and proclaimed that 'every soldier in whose possession tobacco was found, should have his nose and lips cut off, and afterwards be burned alive.'

10. Q.—Was smoking tolerated in Switzerland at the beginning of the custom of smoking?

A.—It was not, but was ranked a crime, and was punished as such.

11. Q.—What action has the 'council,' of Berne, in Switzerland, taken to suppress the tobacco plague?

A.—It has issued a decree prohibiting boys under fifteen years of age from using tobacco.

12. Q.—Name one of the terms of admission to the training school at Oxford, Ohio?

A.—'No pupil shall be received into the boarding hall who uses tobacco in any form.'

13. Q.—What step has been taken by the Free Methodists?

A.—No person is allowed to become a church member who uses tobacco in any form, and ministers are also strictly prohibited from using it.

14. Q.—What resolution was adopted at a Universalist convention?

A.—Resolved, 'That this convention memorialize the General Convention at the next session asking it to refuse beneficiary aid

to all students in the theological colleges who make use of tobacco, believing such practice to be incompatible with the highest Christian service.'

15. Q.—What action has the Iowa Central Railway taken on the question?

A.—It has published an order forbidding the employees to drink any intoxicating liquors or to smoke while they are on duty.

'As a Medicine.'

(By L. A. Obear, in 'Temperance Banner.')

'Oh, ma, please don't send for Doctor Hamlin!' pleaded a thin, weak voice, trembling with anxious eagerness.

The voice came from the pillow where lay a little head with tumbled curls, and flushed cheek.

'I thought, Arnold,' replied his mother, 'that you liked Doctor Hamlin; that you and he were better friends even than you and Doctor Gordon. He cannot come, you know, for he has been called away by the illness of his mother.'

'We can wait till he comes back,' said the little boy, 'I am not so very sick, am I?'

The mother hesitated. There were symptoms that seemed to threaten the return of difficulties that were serious the last year. Should she tell the invalid?

The boy watched for her answer. None coming, he said, 'Not Dr. Hamlin, mamma! not Dr. Hamlin, if I must have a doctor before Dr. Gordon gets back;' and he raised himself up, and his voice grew sharp and excited, and he was ready to cry.

'Lie quiet, Arnold,' said his mother, in gentler tones. 'If you have good reasons for not wanting Dr. Hamlin to come, we will send for some one else; but I cannot think what has given you this dislike to Dr. Hamlin!'

'I don't think I have a dislike to him mamma, but he doctored Herman when he had the fever, you know, and—a—,' the boy hesitated. After waiting a moment, Mrs. Matoon said, 'Well, Herman got well, didn't he? I do not understand you, Arnold.'

'I was to keep it a secret, mamma, but I don't think Herman will mind now he is to be in Europe so long. You know I used to sit by Herman and fan him, and hand him his medicine, after he began to get better, and you could leave him. I saw that he grew restless and began to look at the clock and watch for your coming when it grew most ten o'clock, and there was a look I did not like in his eyes every time he heard a step coming.

'After a day or two I said, "You like the drink mamma brings you at ten o'clock, don't you, Herman?"

'At first he looked at me sort of cross, and then his face grew sober, and he said,' "what made you think so, little brother?"'

' "I see you keep looking at the clock, and then at the door, and then you listen, as if something pleasant was coming." '

'I thought Herman did not seem to like what I said, but pretty soon he laid his head back on the pillow and shut his eyes, as if he was thinking. After a while he opened his eyes and said, "Do you know what is in the glass mother brings at ten o'clock, Arnold?"

' "Yes," I said. "I heard Dr. Hamlin tell mamma how to fix it, and when mamma asked if he couldn't do without giving brandy, he told her you needed stimulants, and nothing was so good for you as milk-punch, for you must be built up; when mamma told papa about it, he shook his head, but said, "I suppose the warm milk will give him strength, and, perhaps, the brandy is put in to keep it from hurting him."

'Then I said, "I don't like to have you drink brandy, brother Herman; you will learn to like it, as our cousin John did, and keep on after you get well,"—and I began to cry at the thought of his growing like cousin John.

' "And you think I will like it more and more, and by and by I shall be a——"

'I thought he was going to say 'drunkard,' but I couldn't bear to hear it, and I said, "don't, Herman! don't say it!" '

'Then he was so still I was afraid he was angry with me, but he wasn't, for after a minute he said, "well, little brother, we will see what we will do about it;" and when you came, don't you remember he told you he believed he could take some lamb broth or beef tea? "If you would take the punch away, he would wait till you got some ready, or he would have the warm milk without the brandy." '

'So you were the little Temperance lecturer who stopped the brandy, Arnold? But perhaps Dr. Hamlin will not order stimulants for you?'

'But, mamma, he orders that you rub me with alcohol, and it makes me hot when I am burning up; and he has them bathe my head and face with alcohol, and my skin feels as if it starched. Oh, I hate it!

'You know Aunt Dorothy used to come and see me, and when she watched with me last year, she turned up her nose at the alcohol and just put some soda into the water to bathe my erysipelas leg, and oh! how cool and nice it felt! and I was glad enough to have the old rum washed off my forehead. Oh, don't send for Dr. Hamlin!'

'I will speak to your father about sending for Dr. True. He is called a very skilful doctor, and he is a strong teetotaler.'

'And I will be just as good as I can, and get well as fast as I can,' said the grateful Arnold, 'for I am afraid that even doctors who are good men help make drunkards.'

Six-day bicycle races are not to be commended, and we have not a word to say in approval of that which recently terminated. Yet from it one important lesson may be drawn. The winner, Miller, who rode over two thousand miles between two Sabbaths, won, it cannot be doubted, because a total abstainer. Of the thirty-three who entered the contest, only twelve were in the finish. His closest competitors were all temperate men. Those who used liquor habitually or during the contest fell out exhausted. The winner never uses any alcoholic drink or even tobacco, and came out of the contest in excellent condition. His diet throughout the six days was most simple, almost entirely cereals, fruits and milk. This result is an impressive lesson on temperance and the value of plain living. In all contests endurance and success wait upon such temperance. —'Christian Intelligencer.'

Correspondence

East Mines Station, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but I thought I would write and tell Victoria, that my birthday is the same as hers is, and my sister's is the 30th of August. I go to school, and I am in the fifth grade. For pets, I have two dogs and two cats, the dogs' names are Dash and Watch. We have two horses. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three or four years and we like it very much. C. B. S.

Tupperville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven years old the 5th of May. I have seven brothers and one sister living, and one brother dead; he was killed in the mill. My papa has a saw mill. My three brothers and I go to school; our teacher's name is Mr. Clarke. I am in the seventh grade. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Mr. B. Brooks. We have one horse, two cows, one pig, fourteen chickens and twelve hens. My grandma is visiting here at our house. She lives in New Ross. I have an uncle in the Klondyke. LINLEY A.

Monganis, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have a lot of friends in Manitoba, and all my brothers live there. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' very much. I have five brothers and no sisters. The youngest brother is six months old My pa is a farmer, and has lots of every kind of cattle. Now I will tell you what the place we live in is like. The nearest village is three miles away. The Presbyterian Church is six miles. The post-office half a mile, school ten. Good-by I am a little helper. S. H. (aged 12.)

Milleroches, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I am six years old. I am in the second reader. I have two brothers and one little baby sister. I have no pets except one little kitty which I like very much. MARY OLIVE A.

Aylmer.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Aylmer, I thought I would write one. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. Mr. McNichol is our minister. I have two sisters and three brothers. My sisters and I go to school. I am in grade I. Academy. Mr. Pollock is my teacher, Miss Austin was my teacher last year. I belong to the Mission Band, and Band of Hope. MARY E. K. (aged 12.)

St. Andrews, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and we enjoy reading it very much. She is seven, and I am ten. I got a bicycle on my tenth birthday, and enjoy riding it fine. I had four pigeons, but they went away with other pigeons. Our streets are lovely for wheeling, there are a great many wheels in town. This is a very pretty place in summer, and we have a great many visitors. Goodby, G. H. I. C.

Eugenia, Oct. 9, 1899.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live in Eugenia. I go to school every day, and like it very much. I study arithmetic, physiology, grammar, and spelling. My teacher's name is Mr. Sine, and he is very nice. We have a pet bird, and a dog named Tip. My father has a planing mill, it is on the Beaver river. I have three sisters and two brothers; I am the youngest. MARY W.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am in the fourth reader, and like to go to school very well. I have one pet, a kitten, its name is Velvet. I like reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger.' Papa takes the 'Daily Witness,' and I like to read the children's corner very much. I do not go to Sunday-school. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the 'Messenger.' AMY D.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the correspondence. I have read a great many books, and I like reading. Among some I have read are: 'The Wide Wide World,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Elsie Books,' 'Caught by the Tide,' 'Led into Light,' 'The Giant-killer,' 'Little Women,' 'Oliver Twist.' I think I like 'Pilgrim's Progress' best. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday from Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it. I am in the senior fourth grade in school. Your sincere friend, ANNIE (aged 12.)

Metz, W. G.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to anybody before, but I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger,' to let you know how I enjoy the reading of the 'Messenger.' I always like to read the correspondence. I have three sisters and two brothers. I go to school all the time along with a sister and a brother. I am in the part second book. We have a mile and a half to go. I like my teacher very much, her name is Miss James, she has about a mile to walk to school. My father has been in the house for over eleven weeks, with a broken knee, and he has to go on crutches yet. He has been to church these last three Sundays; it is two miles to our church, I go nearly every Sunday. NELLIE H. (aged 9.)

SHELBURNE.

Dear Editor,—I go to the United Brethren Sunday-school. We take the 'Messenger' and I like it very well, and am always lonely if I do not get it. I have three brothers and two sisters. One little sister is ten years old, and she has never walked or talked yet. I have two pet cats, one called Tom, and the other Rose. MAGGIE S. (aged 12.)

Hazel Grove, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm about a mile from the school house. I have two sisters and six brothers. We have a company of 'Loyal Crusaders' in our school which meets every Friday evening after school hours. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss McNeill. I also go to the Mission Band, of which I am a member. Has anybody got the same birthday as I have April, 8? ANNIE B.

HOUSEHOLD.

Concerning Floors.

Until the last few years no question ever arose as to what we should do with our floors; it was carpets, of course; the best our money and taste could buy. With the revival of art in household furnishings, and the increase of knowledge about germs, bacilli, and all that sort of thing, the use of the waxed hardwood floor with rugs is much in vogue—only a return to older custom of course. It is a question about which much may be said on both sides.

Nothing could be more satisfying to the eye than a well polished hardwood floor, inlaid, if you like, with handsome rugs. This, however, is only for the few; those of limited means who have bought homes ready built, or who live in rented houses can seldom attain to this: the wood carpet in this case is the best substitute, though not an inexpensive one. To many the polished floor is objectionable; it looks cold, and it is slippery, and shows the dust too easily. All true, yet to my mind the least of the two sets of evils. Also, if the room is small, as is apt to be the case in city houses, the patched effect on the floor of a number of rugs is not pleasing, it makes the room appear smaller.

On the other hand may be said in favor of the bare floor, waxed, polished, or painted, as taste or necessity decide, that it is more easily kept clean. Though showing the dust plainly, the dust is easily removed without filling the lungs of the sweeper and the air of the room, and leaving a thick coating on all the furniture—the inevitable result of sweeping day where there is a carpet. A yearly or semi-yearly polishing, though hard work, is not equal to the work of taking up, shaking and laying the carpet. The carpet is apt to become worn in places, and necessitates ripping and sewing to put it in proper condition for relaying; if small rugs or strips of carpet are used this irksome labor is saved; their position is changed weekly; if larger ones, which of necessity are fastened down, it is only the work of an hour or so to take up and lay down again, and the worn places can easily be shifted or the position reversed.

One of the most important reasons in favor of the bare floor is, however, not an aesthetic, nor yet an economic, but a sanitary one. No matter how well a carpet is cleaned, or how clean it looks when once down, it is still fuller of dust and germs than the smaller rugs, squares, or strips, whatever they may be, which are thrown out every week or every month, shaken, swept, and beaten. — 'Canadian Home Journal.'

'Let a man tell you his story every morning and evening,' said a famous Englishman in characterizing the newspaper, 'and at the end of a twelvemonth he will have become your master.' What if the man is brazen-faced, a chronic liar, one who rejoices in iniquity, and is utterly reckless in principle, who is thus welcomed daily to the home circle? Ought not a newspaper that is indifferent to truth, is self-seeking, and has no regard for individual rights or for public morals, to be treated as you would deal with a scoundrel who seeks admission to your room and company? Let an unprincipled journal tell you its daily story, and by an inexorable moral law you will in due time have an 'evil spirit' for your master.—'Youth's Companion.'

'The Witness' is the only paper that reaches my idea of what a newspaper should be—impartial, just, sincerely seeking to advance whatever is for the nation's or the individual's good. Its bold stand for Prohibition, for honesty on the part of politicians, and for civic and national rights, make it well worthy the regard and confidence of every lover of his country. In respect of ability it takes no second place in Canada.'

REV. W. C. BROWN.
South Farmington, N.S.

Cut this out and hand it to a Friend,—
or enclose it in the next letter you write to a Friend.

All Numbered.

Many years ago a working man, who had previously lived in almost heathenisk darkness, was induced to enter a place of worship. He supposed that all who frequented such places were true Christians; and he thought, to use his own words, 'that the very heavens would blush to see a creature like me enter such a place.' The Gospel was soon welcomed by him as glad tidings, and ever since he has been seeking to communicate the good news to persons with whom he came in contact. One day he entered a barber's shop to have his hair cut. Being thick and long the man handled it rather roughly.

'You must take care of my head,' said he, 'for all the hairs have been numbered.' 'Surely you don't mean to say so,' said the barber. 'Yes, I certainly do,' said he; 'now can you guess who counted them?' The barber commenced guessing. 'Wife? Sister? Sweetheart? Ah, now I think I have got it, your mother?' All his guesses being wrong, the way was open for our friend to pour into the listening ear tidings of the loving care of the heavenly Father.

The barber confessed his ignorance of Scripture, and said he was so confined with his work on a Sunday that he never entered a place of worship. They then arranged to canvass the town, and see if all the barbers would agree to close their shops on a Sunday morning. With the exception of three or four, all agreed to do so.

To reach the hearts of our fellow creatures, and awaken their interest in better things, object lessons often succeed more effectually than abstract statements of truth. Probably not one of our Saviour's numerous exhortations to his disciples to love and serve one another would come with such force to their memories and hearts as the last act of service He rendered to them in washing their feet—'The Christian.'

Game of Clothes-Pins.

A very funny game for little folks, or older ones who wish only to be amused, is that of passing clothes-pins. The players are drawn up in two lines facing each other, and about five feet apart, so there is plenty of room. At the end of each line is a table upon which are a dozen clothes-pins for each of the respective lines. Now the first player nearest the table takes hold of the left-hand player's wrists (crossed) with his own left hand, and picks up a pin with his neighbor's right hand. The second player keeps the pin in his right hand while with his left hand (hands still crossed) he takes hold of his left-hand neighbor's wrists, and passes the clothes-pin as did the first one, on down the line to the lower table. The game is more complicated if the whole line takes hold of wrists at once before the pin is started. If a pin is dropped, it goes back to the first table to start again. An umpire sees to that. The line which lands all its clothes-pins upon the lower table first is the winner. Only one pin should be passed at a time. As no player uses his own hand to work with, it is a most awkward and very jolly game. No stiffness can exist when it is played, for every one gets to laughing heartily.—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Genius For Helping.

'There is a man,' said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, 'who, I really believe, has done more good in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he doesn't try. He is not worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers.

'But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse waggon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does one good to meet him in the streets.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Poisonous Plants.

It is not generally understood that a large number of plants with which we are familiar contain poison more or less deadly according to the quantity consumed. A very small piece of the bulb of a narcissus may cause death. The leaves, flowers, roots and bark, of the oleander are deadly, indeed the entire plant is dangerous to life. The jonquil and hyacinth are poisonous. Peach and cherry pits contain prussic acid enough to kill, and yew berries are responsible for serious loss of life. Most people know that the lobelias are dangerous, but that the lady slipper poisons in the same way as ivy is known to but few. The bulbs of lily of the valley are poisonous. Crocuses must be handled with care by certain persons. The catalpa has poisonous qualities, and to poppies, especially the partly ripened seed pods, are ascribed many deaths among children.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Sugar and Onions.

Onions, which are regarded by the food authorities as one of the most valuable vegetables that we have, are unfortunately also found by many persons very difficult to digest. A suggestion that has been tested, its giver says, by long experience, and tried by many persons always with success, is to add a little sugar on the onion salad to prevent any discomfort after eating it. Anything which will encourage the consumption of onions is to be recommended. Physicians say that they are wonderful rejuvenators, and possess as well remarkable healing powers. The raw Bermuda onion is the variety that is most palatable and the most efficient, and if, with a little sugar, it is also easily assimilated, the knowledge becomes valuable.

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